

though they be (like ours in the reign of the last Tudor), still ignore these pitiful subtleties,—that the Turks are too civilised for them.

I do not mean to defend all the "Lamps;" I cannot but look on three of them ("Sacrifice," "Life," and "Obedience") as great smoke diffusers, and consider none of the others (except one, perhaps) free from that noxious product; but the "Lamp of Truth," I will insist, cannot be trimmed too much, or allowed to shine too far. Some Demetrius, no doubt, will say, it was not very benevolent for Mr. Ruskin to attack "things on which (in his own words) whole trades depend." I have read of a pious bishop, who, when measured by a tailor, in a time of preposterous buttoning, not wishing to be taken for a dandy, asked to have only the buttons necessary for use. "Then, what is to become of the button-makers, my lord?" "Very true," said his lordship; "then button me all over." Now, who was right, the bishop or Mr. Ruskin? I am persuaded that the latter is. All trades, crafts, or professions, founded on (or partly supported by) fictions or fallacies, *must* (in as far as they are so supported) share, sooner or later, the fate of Diwaa's shrine-makers, the West-Indian slave-owners, and the "protected" of every kind. Nature defies all the fashions in Paris, and all the protective laws in the world, to prevent this; and she says to every set of men who are worked in order to be paid, or make themselves work to be paid; "will you 10,000 be sacrificed, or your 15,000 successors?" Is it not, then, a Christian and benevolent act to hasten a decision for the former? If a bough must be pruned for the good of the tree, shall it be first left to grow larger?

Among the miserable fictions called refinements in language, is one that requires the expression, "to find employment," to be substituted for the honest Saxon, "to find pay;" and this seems, at length, by help from below, to have led us to the monstrous doctrine of making work in order to pay for it (as if there were in England too little to do, instead of too little to eat)—a fallacy which Heaven grant may not destroy us, but I fear it is sapping our very foundations. "It gives employment" is now the general excuse for every absurdity that sucks human blood for nothing and that we are too lazy to shake off. A thousand things, useless to mind or body, are to be "kept up" for the sake of those they pay, as if anything were paid for except by the sweat of some labourer! Miserable delusion! The rich have actually come to be told it is their duty to patronise follies for the sake of the folly-fed (as if the payers were not poorer than the paid)—thus reducing the rich man's office to an identity with that of the incendiary, whose devilry this devil's doctrine justifies. For what is the difference, whether I set fire to a rick, to give men the employment of producing another; or wear 100 useless buttons to give men the employment of making them? I render profitless to the world that labour which would otherwise be profitable.

In some ancient states, every one was obliged to be taught some craft or art,—some means of profiting the bodies or the minds of men; and some complain because a few among us are taught no such thing; but no one mentions the *very many*, the myriads, that are taught, instead of this, only some means of getting pay for doing things profitless to mankind. These are the drones really fattening on heaven's poor,—these, the busy industrious drones, that swarm a hundredfold beyond the few malignant idlers in prisons and manions. They have not the mouths to suck enough to hurt, if they would. They only err in becoming the distributors, like the well-meaning button-covered bishops. But we all take part in this mandestroying work. We are all more or less guilty as distributors, mostly as suckers too; and there it is in the power of every one of us, silently and harmlessly, to help to weed out of the world.

As all true art is of the good things descended from above; so is all false art, of these blood-sucking fallacies, ascended from below. Hence the practice of the former and avoidance

of the latter, is by no means a mere matter of good taste. I will insist that it is a matter of political economy, of morality, and of religion.

There is a vast deal of this busy dronehood in our art of architecture and all connected with it, which those who keep their eyes open will see must be sacrificed sooner or later, and therefore the sooner the better. There is a vast deal, I say, but not enough (at least not if we now begin weeding it out) to have needed the remarks lately made at the Institute of Architects. Instead of craving the indulgence of laughers, I defy them to "laugh architecture and architects away." Laugh on, by all means, and get a Cervantes, or as many as you can find, to laugh with you; but you will find our art is not yet, like "Spain's chivalry," to be "laughed away." As for the "new art" of engineering, that base and cowardly surrender of greatness to littleness, of mind to matter, that striking of the colours that man, as long as he pretends to be more than an animal, is bound to keep hoisted against all imperfections, immaterial as well as material, I tell you that, in spite of it all, man does not yet live on bread alone. I tell you that the art, which has borne the brunt of three thousand winters, laughs at this thing of yesterday, and will outlive it. I tell you that the child, and once sacred servant of God-worship, effete and degraded though she be, will yet see the end of that monstrous offspring of mammon-worship. I dare you to laugh your worst: laugh away all you can of architecture; that is just what she wants,—a thorough riddance of all that can be laughed away, and you will find that at the bottom which is not afraid of a laugh.

As a first step towards such riddance, I would suggest that, as a question of fundamental importance is now laid bare, by Mr. Ruskin's distinct statement of one side, and Mr. Ballantine's on the other,—as we have (to me a legal phrase) joined issue,—as the point is one on which every artist *must* hold one side or the other, there being no possibility of a compromise, no middle course between some deception and no deception;—that every artist should forthwith give in his adherence to one side or the other,—to England's doctrine, that art is to deceive, and the more perfect the deception the more perfect the art,—or the world's doctrine, that in perfect art there is no deception, and in perfect deception no art. This done, I propose that the minority should secede, renounce even their former name, or adopt a distinctive one, and thus enable the public to follow their own choice (just as they now do between architects, builders, or engineers), and trouble them no more with discussions.

CALOTECT.

THE NEW BUILDING OF THE LIBRARY. SAINT GENEVIEVE, PLACE DU PANTHON, PARIS.

It was in the year 1843 that the French Chamber voted a credit of 1,775,000 francs for the reconstruction of the oldest library in Paris, which was entrusted to M. Labrousse, architect. It was stated at that time, that a mere restoration of the ancient building would have been preferable; and it is even now matter of regret that the galleries of the old library have been abandoned, as they were favourable both to the service of the establishment, and conjointly favoured contemplation and meditation—qualities whose want France seems to have reason to regret. But as M. Labrousse has now executed his task to general satisfaction, and not only has not exceeded, but has even saved something of the original estimates, former doubts justly have been completely silenced. M. Labrousse is known as having gained the great architectural prize at Rome, for his controversy with M. Quatremère de Quincy, and from having arranged the funeral ceremonies when Napoleon's remains were transferred to Paris.

The new library of St. Genevieve has the form of a rectangular parallelepipedon, where the principal façade occupies one of the longer sides. In the middle of the opposite façade another much smaller square building is erected, and in this the principal staircase is placed.

The edifice is only one story high, under which is a ground floor. The southern front is pierced by thirty-seven arched windows, and contains the principal entrance. In the construction of this building a large quantity of cast-iron has been introduced. Even from the outside, the presence of iron manifests itself in the form of large *pateras*, resembling scrolls. The iron *pateras* of the ground floor alternate with the stone *pateras* above, and rich festoons of flowers and fruits are suspended to them, and extend around the whole edifice. On the principal façade, and on both the lateral ones, the intervals between the windows are occupied by tables, on which are inscribed, in sunk characters, the names of 810 authors, belonging to all nations, and arranged in chronological order. Hence opens the array, and M. Labrousse concludes it. The building is surmounted by a range of stone shields—a sort of ornament also to be met with in the interior, which, in conjunction with other details, prove that it was the Doric order from which M. Labrousse deduced the idea of his work.

On both sides of the space into which the principal entrance leads, are the reliques of two candelabra, in commemoration of the proposition of M. Salandy, made in 1838, to open the library during the evening. The door is of bronze, cast by Messrs. Simonet & Son. The decoration is very original. In the upper part two lilies, nearly full bloomed, are to be seen projecting over a festoon, which tallies with the other ornaments of the four angles. A *patera* of iron placed over the arch of the door bears the inscription "1848." Three steps lead to the vestibule, which is supported in its length by two rows of fluted columns, which, with some alteration, result also from the Doric order. Here some painted ornaments, whose tones resemble that of Etruscan vases, follow a system which the exterior has already indicated, and thus the decorative plan of an able builder is gradually developed. The columns of the vestibule change now into the form of pilasters, as they become engaged to the lateral walls. On each of the two walls alternate Doric pilasters and niches, where busts executed in stone are placed on pedestals. Twenty busts represent the notabilities of French literature and savans, as St. Bernard, Montaigne, J. J. Rousseau, Laplace, Cuvier, &c. They have been sculptured in the ateliers of Messrs. Elachet, Merlioux, and Mallet. The *plafond* is painted with a pale azure, and in the part of the wall left blank, M. Desgoffes, *peintre en style*, has been commissioned to paint the dominating branches of trees and plants, and remarkable for their symbolic meaning, and beauty of their foliage and flowers, or the sweetness of their fruits. It was a happy idea to crown thus the heads of the illustrious of their country, transforming, as it were, the vestibule of the new library into a pleasant walk, leading to agreeable study and fruit.

The vestibule is lighted by two windows, one of the arch which is over the door, and by a light which falls from the top of the staircase. Four side doors, two on the right and two on the left, open in the vestibule those of the right leading to the department of the manuscripts and drawings, those of the left to that of the printed books. These two compartments of the ground floor are again subdivided into two galleries running in the axis of the longer façade, a transversal gallery and a vestibule. Of these three galleries destined for the MSS., the transversal one is reserved for the readers. It is lighted by eight windows, and supported by two columns of iron. Ascending the steps, which lead to the first landing-place, the following inscription is placed on the wall:—*Bibliothèque Sainte Genevieve, fondée par les Genevoisains en 1626, devenue propriété nationale en 1790; transférée de l'abbaye d'Abbaye dans cet édifice en 1850.* Four steps more lead us to the second landing-place, where the staircase, divided into two flights, unites at the door of the great reading-room. The ceiling of the staircase is also painted azure, and mixed with stars. The balustrade is of iron, and one of stone is in the last landing-place, over which stand four candelabra.